

The title is surrounded by several small, whimsical illustrations of wind fairies. Some are perched on the letters, while others are flying around them. They have large, delicate wings and are dressed in simple, flowing garments. Some hold wands or small objects. The style is a simple line drawing, typical of early 20th-century children's book illustrations.

THE WIND FAIRIES

by ELIZABETH BRENNAN

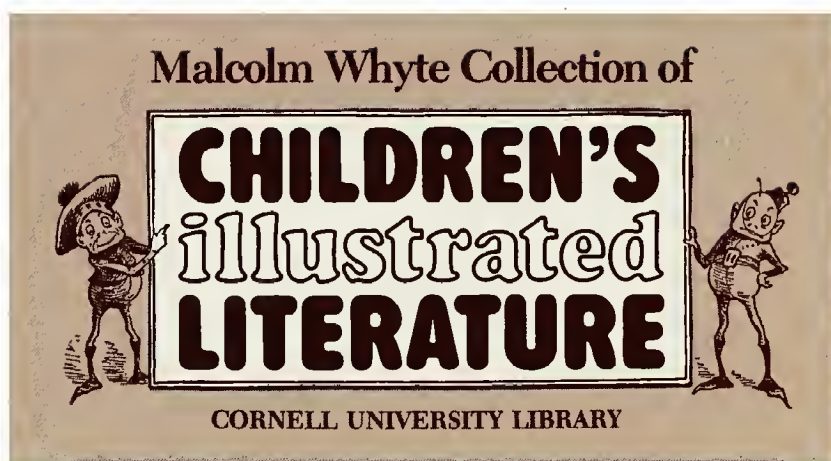
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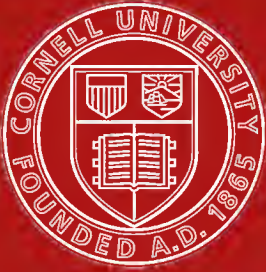
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THE WIND FAIRIES

PUBLISHER'S NOTE. .

The Wind Fairies brings something new into the world of the "little people." In its many stories and verses, the reader will learn of the fairies who control the different winds and read of the deeds of the kind North, South and West Wind Fairies and of their efforts to defeat the wicked schemings of the bad East Wind ones, who love to make mischief.

ELIZABETH BRENNAN shows a particular aptitude in writing for children and her stories and verse, full of fancy and gentle humour, will be read with delight by children of all ages. NAOMI HEATHER'S illustrations (8 full colour plates and 52 pen sketches) give the book a charm and wistfulness that make it one which children will treasure.



The Wind Fairies

BY
ELIZABETH BRENNAN

*"For there are fairies in the wind;
I hear them everywhere"*

ILLUSTRATED BY
NAOMI HEATHER

METROPOLITAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
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Dedication

TO THE CHILDREN
OF ALL AGES
WHO STILL BELIEVE
IN FAIRIES



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The Wind Fairies

Over the hills and far away
Where the moon and the stars are kept by day
In shining caverns of crystal bright
Dwell the winds of heaven with their wings of light.

★

Now each of these winds has a fairy train
To help it spread sunshine and sprinkle rain.
The south wind fairies are delicate things
With flower-like faces and rose petal wings.

★

Their work is to bathe in the spring time fair,
The sleeping blossoms with stardust rare
And which, when caressed by the soft south rain,
Awaken and burst into bloom again.

★

The West Wind Fairies are full of fun
And cannot at all be relied upon.
They frolic about over field and dell
Tormenting the crops and the farmer as well.

★

They tickle the ears of the sleeping corn
And rustle the wheat in the early dawn.
They shake ripened fruit from the apple trees
And colour with crimson the falling leaves.

The North Wind Fairies have plenty to do
Spreading frost veils of a silvery hue
And making white snowflakes from frozen rain
Then sewing them up in the clouds again.

★

But the East Wind Fairies are not so nice
With their swords of sleet and their spears of ice
They love to pinch old people's ears and nose
And nip little children's soft fingers and toes.

★

They carry a poison concealed in their wings
Which they spitefully drop upon growing things,
And when pierced by their daggers of sleety grey
The poor little blossoms just wither away.

★

The others are kindly as fairies should,
But the East Wind Fairies are far from good,
They like to make trouble wherever they go,
And often they do, as my stories will show.



The East Wind Fairies' Plot



"I have something to report, sir,"
replied the Brown Squirrel.

"PLEASE sir," said the little Brown Squirrel, raising his acorn cap respectfully, "might I speak to your Fairies for a moment please?"

"Certainly," replied the South Wind rather grumpily, "if you can find them. Here I am with an appointment on my hands with the Sunbeam Elves for four o'clock, and I can't start because my Fairies aren't here. Up to some fresh mischief, I'll be bound."

"Oh no, sir," replied the little Brown Squirrel reproachfully, "*your* fairies are never unkind. Everyone knows that."

The South Wind couldn't help feeling just a little bit flattered. "Oh well," he admitted grudgingly, "I dare say they have their good points. But what's wrong with you Mr. Squirrel? Are you in trouble again?"

"I have something to report, sir," replied the Brown Squirrel, referring to his oak leaf note book in a business-like way.

"Ah," cried the South Wind, "those East Wind Fairies again, I'll be bound."

The little Brown Squirrel nodded: "Yes, I'm afraid so, sir, they are always making trouble, that crowd."

The South Wind almost blew himself away, so great was his indignation.

"I shall have to ask the Sky Parliament to pass a new law banishing them from the seasons altogether," he said angrily. "If I had my way they'd be locked up in the wind cavern jail long ago."

"I suppose you have heard of the Animal Red Cross, sir?" enquired

the Squirrel, waving his bushy tail in order to balance himself on the narrow branch.

The South Wind nodded. "Why yes. We often help them when they are giving first aid to the flowers. Do they want me to do something for them?"

"Well sir," said the Squirrel, "it's like this. I belong to the Squirrel branch of it, and early this morning while on duty down in the hollow I came across a whole line of snowdrops lying half dead underneath the big chestnut tree."

"Terrible," muttered the South Wind, fanning himself in order to relieve his feelings, "such goings-on have never been heard of before, to my knowledge."

"They had apparently been stabbed with a frost spear, sir," continued the Brown Squirrel, referring to his leaf note book again. "I tried giving them fresh air injections but they were no use. Would you be so kind as to come and have a look at them yourself, sir?"

"I'd go now," replied the South Wind crossly, "if those Fairies of mine were here. Is that all you found Squirrel?"

"Well sir," whispered the Squirrel, "last night late, I received an S.O.S. from the man in the moon. He sent it down by a shooting star, when he thought no one was looking. He often does that kind of thing when he knows I'm on duty, sir."

The South Wind nodded. "Not a bad old fellow the Moon Man, a little too fond of drawing a cloud handkerchief over his face when he



They floated gracefully up on puffs of silver thistle-down. . . .

ought to be doing his duty, but *we* soon take care of that by blowing it away again. Well Squirrel?"

"He told me to look in the hollow tree by the pond, sir," replied the Squirrel, "and sure enough when I did I discovered a whole pile of hail-stone bombs and frost spears all lying ready waiting to be used. If you ask

me sir, those East Wind Fairies are planning an attack of some kind to-night."

"If they do that," replied the South Wind "we must attack too. It's the only way to save all the flowers and plants coming up for the spring. Ah, here come my Fairies now, I see."

The pretty South Wind Fairies floated gracefully up on puffs of silver thistledown, singing gaily as they came.

Here we come, here we come,
Full of gaiety and fun,
Why here's the Squirrel, fresh and trim,
That uniform looks nice on him!

"Hello, Fairies," said the Squirrel, saluting smartly. "I hope I see you all well."

"Come on, Fairies," cried the South Wind fussily, "we have some first aid work to do down in the hollow. Jump upon my shoulders and let us be off."

Down in the hollow the poor little snowdrops were half lying on the ground, deathly pale, and looking alas, as if they were indeed already dead. Alighting near them the South Wind Fairies tenderly breathed on their waxen petals, and carefully bound up their frost spear wounds with soft, warm air.

Suddenly the little Brown Squirrel, who was patrolling up and down in the hollow, came dashing excitedly across the grass.

"Oh Fairies," he cried, "please come and look at the sky. There is a great big cloud aeroplane floating over from the east. Those Fairies are not waiting until to-night to attack the flowers after all."

"Go back to your post, Squirrel," said the South Wind rising, "leave the whole thing to us. Come on Fairies, let us hide behind this group of beechnut trees—quickly."

The black cloud aeroplane sped quickly towards the hollow, and then with an evil shriek, the wicked East Wind Fairies alighted on top of the trees and started to drop their cold hailstone bombs about in every direction.

Immediately the South Wind Fairies darted out from their hiding

place, and breathing warmly upon the hailstones as they fell, melted them instantly into soft, warm rain. The enemy Fairies, with shouts of rage, made to attack them with their spears of frost, but the South Wind Fairies, flying out before them, breathed a cloud of delicious perfume right into their faces. Immediately the East Wind and his followers began to feel terrible drowsy, and one by one they all dropped off asleep, and nodding their heads, drifted slowly back again over the meadow and field.

Up in the apple orchard, Farmer Plowem looked up at the sky as he strolled to and fro beneath his fragrant apple trees.

"Dear me," he mumbled, "the Wind must be changing again. A good job too. I was afeard that cold East Wind might blight my pears this spring, and then I'd be in a proper mess, I would. The Wind is coming from the south now. Doggone it, but it smells good. Vi'lets and roses and musk all mixed up together, in a manner of speakin'. I likes the South Wind, I do."

And down in the hollow, the poor little snowdrops at last began to open their eyes, and after a few more injections of fresh air, said they really felt fine again. Immediately the South Wind Fairies began to dance delightedly on top of the beechnut trees, and the echo of their song reached the little Brown Squirrel as he tramped away on his beat.

Hurrah, hurrah,
We've driven them away,
Their hailstone bombs
And spears of frost,
Won't be much use,
Because they've lost,
Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

And if you stroll down by the hollow any summer evening, don't be surprised if you see a perky little fellow patrolling the path with a large chestnut medal swinging importantly from his beechnut belt. It is the little Brown Squirrel, of course, but we can forgive him for looking so proud. After all, it isn't *every* fellow in the squirrel branch of the Red Cross, who can boast of a Chestnut medal!

THE END



The Wind Fairies



When Snowdrop Armies March up with Spears of Green



Santa's Beard

Santa sat at home one night
Eating cake and frosted cherries
In his room which looked so bright
Hung about with holly berries.

★

He was in a pleasant mood
As he watched the yule log glowing
For his beard had been shampooed
And was silky, soft, and flowing.

★

But the bad east fairies near
Were annoyed to see him happy
So they looked on with a sneer
Feeling sour and very snappy.

"Silly fool," they hissed with spite,
"Thinks he's really *very* charming,
We'll do *him* some harm to-night"—
Wicked words and most alarming.

★

Later they returned to find
Santa slept—so with a swagger
They called in the bad east wind
Harsh and sharp as any dagger.

★

Then with razor edge quite bare
Down the room it soon was creeping
To where Santa in his chair
Was contentedly asleeping.

★

Then the naughty wind for spite,
Shaved off Santa's beard quite neatly,
And had disappeared from sight
Ere he could awake completely.

★

Oh it was an awful shame,
Santa wildly tried to find them
For he knew they were to blame.
Was the air not chill behind them?

★

Santa Claus without a beard!
It was quite against tradition
And the poor old fellow feared
Folks would eye him with suspicion.

So he jumped upon his sleigh
Nearly desperate with worry
For 'twould soon be Christmas day;
He must get help in a hurry.

★

To the north wind fairies then
He revealed his bad position
And they felt quite angry when
They saw Santa's sad condition.

★

So they thought and thought again
On the awful situation
But their thoughts were all in vain
'till they got an inspiration.

★

Why not have a beard of snow?
They could set the rain afreezing
And no one would ever know
It would look so neat and pleasing.

★

So the north wind came and tossed
Snowflakes light as any feather
Which the fairies with some frost
Glued artistic'ly together.

★

It looked soft and snowy white
Whiter than his own beard surely
While the frost glue gripped it tight
Holding it in place securely.

When the sly east fairies' spies
Saw him on his reindeer going
They just stared in blank surprise
At his beard so soft and flowing!

★

And the stars with silver eyes
Viewed the beard with admiration
Little did they realize
It was only imitation!

★

And the moon man with a sneer,
Muttered: "Blimey, can you beat it?
That old Santa Claus I fear
Is becoming quite *conceited*!"



*"Then the naughty wind for spite
shaved off Santa's beard...."*

The West Wind Fairies and the Lepracaun

"HELLO, little Chris Cow," cried the West Wind Fairies playfully, "why are you not eating the sweet clover from the meadow?"

"Oh Fairies," replied Chris Cow sadly, "the wicked lepracaun who lives under the hawthorn tree has laid a spell upon me, and now I cannot give my master any more milk. He is a bad fellow, that same lepracaun, and weaves his evil spells while dancing under the harvest moon."

"Why, Chris Cow," cried the West Wind Fairies soothingly, "there is no need to worry any more about that. To-night the harvest moon will be shining again, and when that wicked lepracaun comes out to dance under the hawthorn tree we will get the black witch from the hollow to cast a spell upon *him*. Now go down to the pretty Bluebell meadow and eat the sweet clover as you always do. Leave that bad old lepracaun to *us*."

"Thanks Fairies," said Chris Cow gratefully, "if he is not stopped that lepracaun will soon have all the animals in the Bluebell meadow bewitched. He said he would, and he always does what he says. That is why we fear him so."

Waving their graceful wings in farewell, the dainty West Wind Fairies flew away down to the tree shaded



The Black Witch appeared....

hollow where the Black Witch lived, and alighting on a grassy hill near her cave, commenced to chant:

Oh Black Witch, with your magic charm,
We come to you in great alarm,
Please weave a spell to set cows free,
From the Lepracaun under the hawthorn tree!

Immediately they finished singing a loud gust of wind blew out from the cave, and the Black Witch appeared with her dirty hair hanging about her wrinkled face.

"Oh-h-h-h!" she shrieked, waving her arms, "you West Wind Fairies are a nuisance—always wanting something. Oh my cockroaches and black-beetles, what has Liam Lepracaun done on you now? Oh-h-h-h!"

"He has cast a wicked spell on poor Chris Cow down in the Bluebell meadow," replied the West Wind Fairies timidly, "and she cannot give her master any more milk. You must give us something to help her, Black Witch—please!"

"Oh my bluebottles and lizards I suppose I'll have to," grumbled the Black Witch dipping into her big cauldron, "if I don't I'll have no peace. Here is a spell powder to cast upon him while he is dancing under the harvest moon. Wait until the village clock strikes twelve, and then dart out and fling it right into his face. Now go away and leave me alone, I'll never get my Black Magic book finished with all these interruptions, and it has to be back in the witch's library by to-morrow."

She threw the Wind Fairies a parcel tied up in a green bay leaf and with another shriek, vanished back into her gloomy cave.

"Hurrah!" cried the West Wind Fairies delightedly, "now we can help poor Chris Cow give her master some more milk again. Let us all go down to the Bluebell meadow and wait there for the rising of the moon."

That night, down in the Bluebell meadow, the Shadow Elves strew long black shadows over trees and grass, and covered up the sleeping



He was a droll looking little fellow...

bluebells within a mantle of filmy shadow lace. Just before twelve o'clock however, the Moon Man appeared from behind his wisp of cloud handkerchief, and immediately, with a whoop of joy, the mischievous Lepracaun popped out from between the branches of the hawthorn tree and commenced to dance wildly about. He was a droll looking little fellow, with a tasselled cap perched on his narrow head and pointed shoes on his tiny feet, which twinkled brightly as he danced.

He was singing too, and the words of his song reached the West Wind Fairies as they crouched behind a curtain of shadow which the Shadow Elves had obligingly hung up for them.

My name is Liam Lepracaun,
And oh, I am an awful one!
I've cast a spell upon Chris Cow,
And she can't give any more nice
milk now.

With a hi-diddle, hi-diddle dow!

I mean to cast another spell,
On all the sheep and pigs as well,
There'll be no wool for Farmer Joe,
And no nice, fat pigs for the country
show,

With a hi-diddle, hi-diddle dow!



Liam Lepracaun was dancing...

"Dear me!" thought the kind West Wind Fairies horrified, "what a wicked Lepracaun he is to be sure! Hark! There goes the village clock striking twelve. Now Fairies! Are you ready?" And slipping out from behind their curtain of shadow lace, they flew up to where Liam

Lepracaun was dancing, and, without being seen, flung the Black Witch's spell powder right into his funny wrinkled little face.

Immediately the Lepracaun stopped dancing, and looked about him in a puzzled way.

"Goodness me," the West Wind Fairies heard him whisper, "I feel as if my hands and feet were tied to the ground. What can have happened to me at all? Oh what a shame it is for a Lepracaun not to be able to dance!"

"Oh what a shame it is for a Lepracaun to be so wicked!" cried the West Wind Fairies, darting out from their hiding place. "And you will never dance again, Liam Lepracaun, until you consent to remove that spell from poor Chris Cow down in the Bluebell meadow."

"Oh for goodness sake, take your old spell away from me!" cried the Lepracaun cheekily, "I only bewitched old Chris Cow for fun. She was always boasting about her lovely sweet milk, and was sadly in need of a lesson to make her more humble. The old fool!"



The West Wind Fairies obediently lifted him up in their arms. . .

"The Black Witch gave us this spell powder," replied the West Wind Fairies waving it before his eyes, "and unless you do as we ask you will remain tied to the ground by invisible threads until daybreak, and that would never do, would it Liam Lepracaun?"

"All right," said the Lepracaun saucily, "carry me down to the farmyard and I will take the spell off Chris Cow again."

The West Wind Fairies obediently lifted him up in their arms and brought him safely through the meadow and down into Farmer Joe's farmyard, where poor Chris Cow lay sleeping in the byre.

Taking off his funny little tasselled cap, the Lepracaun waved

it a few times in front of Chris Cow's face and then turning to the watching West Wind Fairies said:

"There now, the spell is off her again. She will give more milk than ever to-morrow. Now Fairies, remove the Black Witch's charm from me quickly, as I must be away over the hills to seek a new home."

The West Wind Fairies immediately brushed the spell powder off his face again, and waving his hands in farewell the little Lepracaun darted out of sight.

The next morning Farmer Joe was delighted with the amount of rich, sweet milk Chris Cow gave him, and walking down through the Bluebell meadow with the steaming pails in his hand, he paused near the place where the hawthorn tree was growing.

"Dear me!" he muttered looking at it in great perplexity, "something must have happened to this tree during the night. It was all right yesterday evening when I passed this way!"

For the hawthorn tree was dead; the mischievous little Lepracaun had gone to seek a new home.

THE END



The Kind Fairies

“Although I’m blind,” said Tommie,
“And really cannot see,
The fairies come and whisper,
Such lovely things to me.
They tell me pretty stories
Of lilac, purple-white,
That sheds its flowers
In purple showers—
Oh what a lovely sight.

★

They tell me of the seasons
That I have never seen
Of spring, when snowdrop armies
March up with spears of green.
Of summer when the roses,
Are climbing everywhere,
Of harvestings
And haymakings
That I could never share.”

★

“It’s very hard” said Tommie,
“To be completely blind,
But I don’t feel too lonely
When fairies are so kind.
And tho’ my parents tell me.
I only dream these things
I know it’s real
’Cos I can feel
Those fairies silken wings.”

The Little Brown Fox



Naomi Frazer
"What ails you, Little Brown Fox?"

"HELLO, little Brown Fox," said the West Wind Fairies playfully, "why are you looking so sad?"

"My father, the Grey Fox is ill," replied the little Fox drooping his silky ears, "and I am trying to get him some food."

At that moment, clear and ringing on the frosty morning air, came the note of a bugle echoing loudly over valley and dell. The little Brown Fox's eyes instantly became filled with terror, and he cowered back against the tree, his slender body quivering with fear.

"What ails you, little Brown Fox?" cried the Fairies, fanning his face with their soft breath. "Why do you tremble so?"

"Oh Fairies!" whispered the Fox, "that is the horn of the hunters. They will kill me for certain. Oh what shall I do, what shall I do!"

"Don't worry, little Brown Fox," replied the Wind Fairies consolingly, "we will save you from those wicked men. Leave it to us; if we can help it they won't catch you," and in their sweet, high voices they all started to sing:

West Wind with your wings so fleet,
Help us save the Brown Fox sweet,
Show us how to stop those men,
'Till the Fox gets to his den!

At that moment the huntsmen came over the brow of the hill and galloped down towards the field.

"Oh how pretty they look!" cried the West Wind Fairies admiringly. "Just look at those brilliant red coats!"

"And the horses," said another, peeping from behind a wisp of cloud, "they might almost be dressed in satin, their bodies shine so brightly. But we must hurry, or else the little Brown Fox will be caught!"

The leader of the hunt blew another ringing blast on his silver horn, and led by the hounds, galloped down into the field. The Wind Fairies immediately flew over and alighted on the horses' backs, tickling their ears and sides so hard that they suddenly stopped and started rearing and jumping about in all directions.

"What the devil has come over the horses," roared one of the men angrily, "they appear to be bewitched!"

"Go away, Wind Fairies," cried the poor horses plunging madly about, "why do you torment us so?"

"Because you are helping these wicked men to catch the little Brown Fox, whose father is ill," replied the Wind Fairies. "Promise us you will not consent to ride any further and we will stop."

"How can we do that," said the horses rearing on to their hind legs as the fairies continued to tickle them hard, "when we are only animals and must do as our masters tell us. Oh please, Wind Fairies, stop tormenting us so!"

"The Wind appears to have risen all of a sudden," said one of the huntsmen, cracking his whip, "perhaps it is that which is upsetting the horses."

"Tell us how we may best help the little Brown Fox," insisted the Wind Fairies, pulling the horses' ears until they nearly threw their riders to the ground, "you must know of some way!"

"All you can do," replied the horses, "is to blow away the scent. The hounds always follow the scent of the Fox, and if you blow it in the opposite direction, they will be led astray and will not catch him at all."

"Oh goody, goody," cried the Wind Fairies, playfully blowing off the leader's red cap, "now you may go, good horses. We know it is not your fault, but we must save the little Brown Fox, whose father is ill."

"The Wind has fallen again," remarked one of the men looking about. "Blow your horn, huntsman, the hounds are strong on the scent!"

The note of the bugle sounded ringingly as the horses galloped on, but flying on before the hounds the Wind Fairies suddenly caught up the scent and swept it right around in the opposite direction.



"Doggone it," muttered Farmer Plowem.

"How strange," cried the leader, pulling up his glossy, black horse, "the fox must have turned in his tracks or something. See, the hounds are going back the way we have come. To the right about, huntsmen! Over the hill we go again!"

They all sped swiftly back across the field, and the Wind Fairies danced delightedly on top of Farmer Plowem's shiny bald head, and laughed themselves almost sick.

"Hurrah!" they cried, "now those men, who really don't mean any harm, will have their day's sport, but the little Brown Fox will not be killed!" and darting in and out through the leafless branches of the elm trees, they all commenced to gladly sing:

The horn of the hunter has sounded in vain,
For the little Brown Fox has escaped them again.
And tho' its note echoes o'er woodland and hill,
At the end of the day 'twill be echoing still!

"Doggone it," muttered Farmer Plowem, pausing to light his pipe, "but the wind is shure actin' queer this weather. One minute it's here and the next it ain't. Bewitched—that's wot it is, if you ask me!"

But down in the mossy birch grove, safely back in his den once more, the little Brown Fox arched his graceful neck and bayed delightedly. At least *he* knew what the West Wind Fairies were singing about!

THE END



The poor little boy who was living there.

The North Wind Fairies and Pat

In a gloomy house in a city square,
Sat the poor little boy who was living there,
He could not walk for his legs were bad
And because of this fact he was always sad.

★

He felt very lonely that winter day
For alas, he'd no brothers with whom to play
And the north wind whistled quite cheerily
And rattled the window with mischievous glee.

★

“Oh dear,” whispered Patrick, for that was his name,
“I wish it would only start snowing again.
The snow makes the streets look so spotlessly white
And I love when the boys start a snowball fight.”

Just then in the wind a voice spoke very clear
And whispered these words into Patrick's ear:
"You poor little fellow, just wait and see
What the north wind fairies will do for thee."

★

Pat looked about him with frightened eyes,
Quite speechless was he in his great surprise.
But all he could hear was the wind and rain
The mysterious speaker had vanished again.

★

For the north wind fairies had hurried away
Back over the hills where their caverns lay
Here they piled up the north wind with snowflakes bright
Which they polished and rubbed 'till they glittered bright.

★

The elves fetched their paintpots of silvery frost
Then the bridge of the rainbow they once more crossed
They showered the snow over street and square
And painted with frost every drab tree there.

★

They hung out banners of snowflake lace
And stuck tiny icicles over the place,
The frosted trees shone with a silvery sheen
And soon every street looked delightfully clean.



The elves fetched their paint pots...

That day Patrick woke with a scream of delight
He had never yet seen such a beautiful sight.
The rising sun danced on each shimmering scene
And made all the icicles glitter and gleam.

★

But soon his small face became tearful and sad,
And the wind fairies watching the poor little lad
Heard him whisper, "Alas, it is all right to talk
What's the use of this snow when I can't even walk."

★

"How I wish I could play just as other boys do
And have lots of fun pelting snowballs too."
The kind north wind fairies then worked with a will
And blew the snow on to the window sill.



A Frightful Looking Old Hag



The North Wind Fairies Dropped Millions and Millions of Soft White Snowflakes



He opened the window, then lo and behold! . . .

Until it lay piled in a beautiful drift
All ready for Patrick to play with and lift.
He opened the window, then lo and behold!
On the street, stood a boy who in accents bold

★

Challenged out Pat to a snowball fight
And they pelted each other in great delight.
But the elf, for the boy was an elf you see,
Let Pat win the fight to his extreme glee.

★

And later that evening while lying in bed,
Through the sigh of the wind a voice once more said,
“And now little boy we must hurry away
But perhaps we will see you some other day.”
And Patrick smiled sleepily into the gloom
And whispered “Oh please, won’t you come again soon?”

Grandpa's Rheumatics



"What a joke" cried the wicked East Wind Fairies.

"**H**URRAH!" cried the naughty East Wind Fairies, peeping from behind a tree, "here comes Doctor Nowall with his little black bag, let us follow him and see where he is going."

"He is going to old Grandpa Grumpy," replied a sly rat who was scratching in a nearby ditch. "Grandpa has rheumatics and the doctor is trying to cure them."

"Oh what a good joke!" cried the wicked East Wind Fairies jumping about delightedly, "we can creep in through the window and annoy him while he works. Come on East Wind, carry us after the doctor as quickly as you can."

"Well Grandpa," said the young doctor cheerfully as he entered the bedroom, "and how is the rheumatism to-day?"

"Bad enough," replied Grandpa Grumpy grumpily, "what is that you have in that bottle?"

"A nice new medicine," said the young doctor, "that is going to banish your nasty old rheumatism for good."

"How does it work?" enquired Grandpa suspiciously, while the East Wind Fairies crept quietly up to where he lay.

"Just turn around," replied the doctor cheerily, "and I'll rub a little of it on your back. You'll be surprised how nice it will feel."

"Ha, ha," shrieked the wicked East Wind Fairies dancing about on the rail of Grandpa's bed, "he'll be surprised all right!"

Grandpa Grumpy turned around and sprinkling some of the stuff on his hand the doctor started to rub it on his back where the rheumatism hurt most.

"Now is our chance," whispered the leader of the East Wind Fairies, "draw your swords Fairies, and charge."

Darting over they gave poor old Grandpa a few cruel stabs with their frost swords right in the spot where the doctor was rubbing.

"Ow-w-w-w-!" screeched Grandpa loudly, "what do you think you're doing, sticking pins into me like that. Oh oh, me rheumatics is worse than ever now. Oh-h-h-h!"

"But I'm not sticking pins in you," replied the doctor, puzzled, "this medicine ought to be doing you good."

"Well it ain't!" roared Grandpa Grumpy, waving his arms about as the East Wind Fairies gave him a few more sly digs with their swords, "Oh-h-h! me back is fair going mad! Ow! stop sticking them pins into me, will you!"

"Don't be silly," said the doctor crossly, "why should I stick pins into you Mr. Grumpy? Lie still and let me put some more of this medicine on your back."

"Wot!" screeched Grandpa, "lie still and let you murder me? Not likely. Seems to me you're not much of a doctor after all. Will you leave off sticking me with those pins or I'll call the police! Ow-w-w-w!"

The poor young doctor packed up his bag sadly. "Dear me," he thought, "I'll never be able to make a living if my patients keep on dismissing me like this. What on earth can have happened this medicine that it made Mr. Grumpy feel like that?"

The naughty East Wind Fairies simply shrieked with laughter as he left the house. This was the third time in a week that they had got him sent away



The little Grey Field Mouse came hopping up to them.



The old black witch who lives in the hollow.

by one of his patients, and just to make sure Grandpa Grumpy wouldn't take him back again they gave him another few stabs with their frost swords before flying out through the window.

The North Wind Fairies were busy making snowflakes in their cavern when the little Grey Field Mouse came hopping up to them in a great hurry.

"Why, little Grey Mouse," cried the Fairies sweetly, "why do you look so worried?"

"Please Fairies," replied the little mouse, smoothing back his whiskers which had become slightly ruffled, "I was working down in the meadow a few minutes ago, near the place where the ditch is, and I happened to hear that sly old Mr. Rat telling those wicked East Wind Fairies that young Doctor Nowall was going to see Grandpa Grumpy who is bad with the rheumatics. They must have been up to some mischief because a few seconds later I saw the poor doctor coming away from the house again, and very sad he looked too."

"But what can we do to help him?" enquired the North Wind Fairies eagerly. "Do you know?"

"Well Fairies," replied the Grey Field Mouse briskly, "the old black witch who lives in the hollow is great for curing rheumatics of every kind. If I go to her, and ask her to give me one of her famous herb medicines, will you arrange it so that Grandpa will agree to give the poor young doctor one more chance?"

"Oh yes" cried the North Wind Fairies delightedly, "what a splendid idea! Come North Wind, let us be off straight away to old Grandpa Grumpy's house. Goodbye little Grey Field Mouse. Be sure to slip a lot of that medicine into the doctor's bottle!"

The North Wind Fairies flew swiftly over the hills and valleys,

and alighting near the window of Grandpa Grumpy's house, began to sing in their sweet clear voices:

Oh Grandpa Grumpy, if you would,
Cure your rheumatism for good,
Please let the doctor come again,
This time he'll *really* cure your pain!

"Doggone it," muttered Grandpa in surprise, "I could almost swear that Wind was atalking to me. I wonder if I was a little bit too hard on the doctor this morning. After all he's very young, although he had no right to stick pins in me back when I wasn't watching him. A mean trick I calls it."

Meanwhile the little Grey Field Mouse, hurrying back to the hollow approached the grassy cave where the old black witch lived and knocked smartly on the door.

Immediately there sounded a great rush of wind and a frightful looking old hag, with long dirty hair hanging about her wrinkled face, darted out from behind it.

"Oh who is that!" she groaned in a shrieking sort of voice, "Oh my earwigs and caterpillars who is that. Oh my cockroaches and lizards who is that? Oh-h-h-h-h!"

"Please witch," piped the little Grey Field Mouse timidly, "it's only me. Could you give me a little of your nice rheumatism medicine please?"

"For what?" moaned the old witch shaking her filthy hair wildly, "Oh my snakes and leeches for what. Oh my blackbeetles and blue-bottles for what? Oh-h-h-h-h!"

"For the young doctor, witch," whispered the little Mouse, "those wicked East Wind Fairies are trying to ruin him and if you will only give me some of that medicine I will be able to fix him up again."



"Oh my flies and beetles, here it is," croaked the black witch.

"Oh my flies and beetles, here it is," croaked the black witch handing him a parcel of herbs in an oak leaf envelope, "oh my wasps and lizards I hate those East Wind Fairies, oh my greenflies and cockroaches I'd do anything to annoy them, oh-h-h-h-h!"

"Thank you kindly witch," replied the little Mouse gratefully, "good-day to you now."

He scuttled quickly back across the meadow and creeping up to the doctor's open window peeped in. There was no one there and running up the rose tree growing outside, the little Grey Mouse silently hopped into the room, and lifting the cork out of the bottle, slipped the black witch's medicine into it.

Then pleased with his day's work he hurried back to his home down in the meadow, happy because he knew that now the poor young doctor would be able to cure his patients again.

Meanwhile the North Wind Fairies kept singing around the bedroom where old Grandpa Grumpy lay.

"Doggone it," he muttered looking about him in surprise, "it's fair creepy the way I think the wind is awhisperin' of the doctor's name, it is. Perhaps I had better send for him again."

He did, and when Doctor Nowall rubbed his back with some of the black witch's herb medicine (which he didn't know about, of course!) old Grandpa Grumpy positively beamed.

"Why!" he cried happily, "me rheumatics seem to be goin' altogether now! I never felt better in me life! Oh this is great Doc. I always knowed you were a clever chap at the back of it all!"

And outside the window, the North Wind Fairies chuckled merrily as they listened, while the sly East Fairy Spies simply ground their teeth with fury. Even their sharp frost spears and cruel ice swords were of no use now! Grandpa Grumpy's rheumatics were cured!



Outside the window, the North Wind Fairies chuckled.

THE END



The West Wind Fairies and the Professor

One day the Professor set off for a ramble
His boots were unfastened, his hair wasn't brushed
His trousers were torn where they'd caught on a bramble
And must be confessed looked disgracefully crushed.

★

The naughty west fairies had made the day sunny
And full of high spirits soon had their work done
They thought the professor looked terribly funny
And tousled his hair as he walked, just for fun.

★

"Oh look!" cried one fairy, "that hat trimmed with flowers
Let's blow it right on to the professor's head
He's reading those volumes for so many hours
He won't even guess, he's so absentminded."

So the lady, who fancied the wind was arising
Quite suddenly saw her hat rise in the air,
And land with a grace that was really surprising
Right on the professor's untidy grey hair.

★

But he, quite unconscious of this sad disaster
Strolled dreamily on to the end of the road
Until he bumped into another schoolmaster
Who looked at him blankly and said, "I'll be blowed!"

★

The prof. beamed "Good morning, what beautiful weather!"
And absently raised his amazing new hat
It was trimmed on one side with a big ostrich feather
But of course the poor prof. didn't know about that!

★

The people all laughed and the prof. looked delighted,
It's pleasant, he thought, to see people so gay
But just at that moment the west wind alighted
And lifting his hat, blew it lightly away.



**"It's pleasant," he thought, "to see people
so gay."**

The prof. hurried on while the clock in the steeple
Struck nine as the scholars appeared fresh and trim
And tho' the prof. beamed and saluted the people
He never once guessed they were laughing at him!

THE END



The Sky Parliament

and the Winds

THE Sky Parliament was sitting in a cloud cavern away off over the hills. The big three, the SUN, MOON and STARS were as usual telling each other what to do, and grumbling when they wouldn't do it.

"Look at this complaint from the midnight elves," growled the SUN grumpily, "it's about you, as usual, Mr. Moon. They say you spend the best part of your time snoozing behind a cloud handkerchief, instead of showing them where to go when they are spreading their black magic. Do you call that doing your duty, Mortimus Moon?"

"I don't like your tone of voice, Septimus Sun," snapped the Moon Man, looking very annoyed, "why everyone knows that I am the biggest person of the big three. Look at the songs that have been written about me; look at the poems people love to compose about me. Why that one:

By the light of the silvery moon.
is being sung by everyone just now. Not doing my duty indeed. If I'm not then I'd like to know who is!"

"It seems to me, Mortimus Moon," said the North Star angrily, "that you are becoming altogether too full of yourself lately, and I'd have you remember please, that other people besides you have had songs and poetry written about them. What about the STARLIGHT SERENADE, what about SWINGING ON A STAR, what about. . . ."

"That's enough from you too, Sebastian Star," broke in the Sun snappily, "the conceit of you pair is really too



"Look at the songs that have been written about me. . ."

funny for words. Everyone knows that without me there wouldn't be any seasons. Who ripens the fruit and warms the earth for the seeds to grow—me; Who changes night into day and helps to make people strong—me. What's having songs made up about you compared to that? Poems and songs indeed. That's about all you two are fit to be used for!"

"I must ask you to take back that insult Septimus Sun," roared the Moon Man, now really annoyed, "as one gentleman to another."

"What!" said the sun rudely, "where is he?"

"Come, come, fellow members," called the North Star, "fighting amongst ourselves won't help us to settle this question of the mixed seasons. Read that letter from the wind fairies again please Mr. Sun."

Glaring rudely at the Moon Man, who glared just as rudely back, the Sun shook out a sheet of cloud paper and read as follows:



The Sun shook out a sheet of cloud paper and read...

TO THE SKY PARLIAMENT.

*Dear sirs, we wish to state,
That all the seasons are mixed up,
Why yesterday in winter fields
We found a buttercup!*

★

*And tho' it is December,
And with Christmas coming near
The snowflakes should be falling
Yet the roses are still here!*

*And take the case of Mr. Wett
Who lives in Muddy Lane,
He hasn't sold a thing this year
For keeping out the rain.*

★

*Because there hasn't been much rain,
With summer still in sight,
And that poor man will surely starve,
Unless you put the seasons right!*

THE SOUTH, WEST AND NORTH WINDS.

"A nice business I must say" grumbled the Sun, folding up the letter again, "*somebody* hasn't been doing their duty—*that's* clear!"

"Oh, blame me of course," snapped the Moon Man grumpily, "I wonder who you'd blame if you hadn't got me? Because I take forty winks now and again doesn't mean that I don't keep my eye on those season elves. I do, but you'd want about fifty eyes to watch them, they are so full of mischief."

"I agree with you there," said the North Star, "several nights I have seen them skating up and down the milky way when they ought to be doing their work. This mixing of the seasons is probably just another joke of theirs."

"Just the same, I'll have to look into it," replied the Sun snappily. "Here are the sky public wanting to know what they are paying rates and taxes for. If *some* people I know won't do their duty, I'll just have to do it for them, that's all."

"And if *some* people *I* know," growled the Moon Man, "spent less of their time lazing about down south with the mermaids and dolphins, there might be less talk of another election in the Sky Parliament."

"Shall I call in the North Wind, Sir Sun?" asked the North Star hastily. "You said he might be the best person to help this Mr. Wett."

"Yes, call him in," replied the Sun sulkily, "I'm fed up listening to jealous remarks from that Mortimus Moon."

"Do you know this Mr. Wett, of Muddy Lane?" he enquired when the North Wind had blown in and saluted smartly.

"Yes sir," replied the North Wind, "he has a shop full of rubber boots and rain coats and capes, and the only time he sells them is in the winter. But up to now there hasn't *been* any winter, and his business is in a sad way. I feel very sorry for him; but what can I do?"

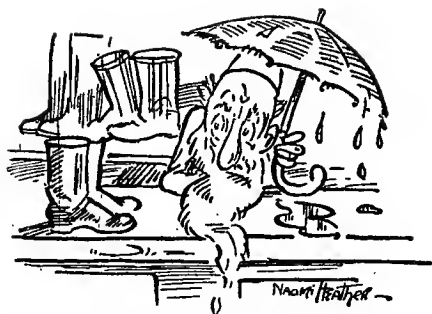
"What do you mean, 'what can you do?'" snapped the Sun who was now in such a bad temper that he would have fought with his own toe-nails if he had any. "This is December, isn't it? When I was a boy the North Wind always brought snow in December!"

"Yes, sir," said the North Wind angrily, "but what's the use of me putting my Fairies to the trouble and expense of making snowflakes only to have them melted again by the South Wind as soon as they fall?"

"Oh, I know it's not the South Wind's fault," he added, "it's the seasons that have become all mixed up, which is the result of having such a good-for-nothing Sky Parliament," he finished rudely.

"That's enough cheek from you," said the Sun, firing up, "get back to your work. We are settling up this business of the seasons, so see to it that as much snow as you can manage falls between this and Christmas to help that Mr. Wett sell his rubber boots. Off you go!"

The North Wind whizzed away and all that night the North Wind Fairies dropped millions and millions of soft, white snowflakes over the whole countryside.



He has a shop full of rubber boots and rain coats.

"Dearie me," said Mr. Wett the next morning, as he opened his shop door, "the weather has changed at last. Now I will surely sell all my rain coats and capes."

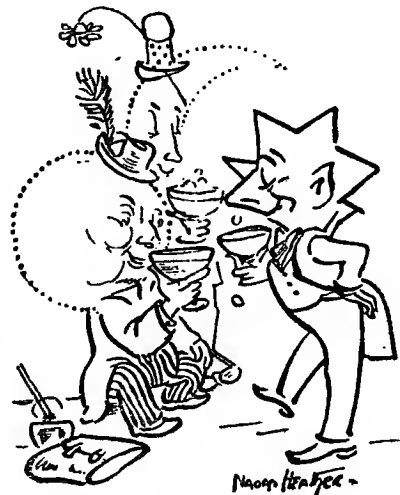
And he did, for the people simply rushed to his shop in order to buy some rubber boots and rain coats to keep out the still heavily falling snow, and before nightfall he hadn't a thing left and had to order some more for the next day!

As for the Sky Parliament, as soon as they had the seasons all sorted out, they cheered themselves up with a few glasses of cloud champagne, and were soon in good humour again.

"You aren't such a bad old fellow really, Mortimus Moon," said the Sun, licking his lips, "and I didn't mean half the things I said about your poetry this morning. I only wish someone would make up a few poems about me!"

"Thanks, Septimus old man," replied the Moon, "and if you want a nice poem written about you—why—doggone it—I'll write you one myself!"

And the Sun beamed so much, that he was in danger of melting out the North Wind's snowflakes once again!



They cheered themselves up with a few glasses of cloud champagne.

THE END



**Johnnie whispered: "I hope
God won't mind."**

The West Wind Fairies and the Kite

Said the west wind: "The kite competition is on,
And these rich boys are certain to win,
For the kite which his father has made little John
Is both small and exceedingly thin.

★

Now these rich boys have toys that poor John hasn't got,
And it really won't matter to them,
If we lift Johnnie's kite right up over the lot
And thus win him that thirty pounds ten."

So the kind west wind fairies flew down to the dell,
Where the people were watching the test
And catching John's kite as it fluttered and fell,
Raised it right up above all the rest.

★

And the people around simply gaped in surprise
As the kite soared and soared through the sky,
Why they hardly could credit the sight of their eyes
To behold a kite flying so high.

★

And in bed that same evening when closing his eyes
Johnnie whispered: "I hope God won't mind,
If, when giving him thanks for that beautiful prize,
I just save one small piece for the wind!"





"Why!" Shrieked the Wicked East Wind Spies Peeping from Behind a Ragged Cloud



The Fairy Ring

The West Wind Fairies

and the Clothes Line

"HA HA!" tittered the bad East Wind Fairies delightedly, "there is Dame Fusspot's washing still hanging out on the line wringing wet. Just look at that stuck up Samuel Shirt, he doesn't look so proud of himself now with all his starch dripping before it can get time to stiffen up. How sad they all look, and we like to see people looking sad."



"Serves you all right!" muttered the sly East Wind Fairy...

"Oh dearie me!" moaned the pyjama suit dolefully, "this is enough to make any respectable suit of pyjamas blush with shame. Look at Dame Busy's washing up on the hill—dry already, and I can just imagine that spiteful Ned Nightshirt hugging himself with delight. He hates us pyjamas because he is an old fashioned fool. If we could only send a message to the kind West Wind Fairies; they would help us I am sure."

"And my mistress is waiting to use me on the Sunday dinner table," sighed the starched white linen tablecloth, sadly. "I heard her telling the maid she likes me much better than those vulgar, coloured ones."

"And what about me," chimed in the embroidered bolster case. "I was supposed to be used for a very important visitor of the master's, and now look at me—drip dripping my life away before I can even manage to get dry. Oh, it's a shame."

"Serves you all right!" muttered the sly East Fairy Spies spitefully, "you people with starch in you are altogether too stuck up and proud. Besides—we want to get our own back on old Dame Fusspot, she is always saying how much she dislikes us, the silly old fool!"

"This is the worst of living in a valley," sighed the lace petticoat, "the winds hardly ever come down this way. They prefer to frolic about up on the sunlit hilltops, I suppose, but its very hard on us."

Suddenly a timid little voice spoke up from the end of the line: "Please, Mr. Shirt, might I suggest something?"

Sam Shirt looked around in surprise. Nobody ever took much notice of the humble tea-towel hanging so quietly amongst the dusters and polish cloths.

"Well, little tea-towel," he said kindly, for he was really very kind in spite of all his starch, "what do you want to say?"

"Only this, Mr. Shirt," piped the tea-towel respectfully, "I think that one of us should break loose from our pegs and try to fly as far as the Buttercup Hill, in order to tell the kind West Wind Fairies about our sad plight. *They* will help us—I know they will!"

"Don't be silly," said the stuck up pyjama suit rather haughtily, "there isn't enough wind to fly any of us anywhere."

"Not you heavy ones perhaps," replied the little tea-towel nervously, "but a light piece of cloth like me might manage to get that far with the help of the Breeze Elves; I happen to know them, you see."

"Then you mean *you* will go?" asked the Shirt kindly. "Why that is really very noble of you, little tea-towel."

"I can't go anyway," said the conceited tennis flannels looking very important, "my master needs me to play in a very big tennis match on Saturday. Whoever else goes, *I* must stay."

"Nor me either," chimed in the fully fashioned silk stockings, "my mistress says I am more precious than jewels these days. *I* can't risk being torn to pieces on those brambles growing on Buttercup Hill."

"If you please, sir," piped the little tea-towel timidly, "*I* am only a humble piece of cloth used for drying up the dishes with. There are plenty of others to take my place if I am lost. If none of the other ladies or gentlemen like to go I will gladly do so—for *your* sake, Mr. Shirt," she added shyly.

The shirt could not help feeling just a tiny bit flattered, and for the first time in his life he began to notice that the tea-towel was really quite a pretty little thing, in a humble sort of a way of course.

"I don't like to think of you going," he muttered doubtfully, "those cruel bushes at the foot of Buttercup Hill would just love to get their hands on a helpless piece of cloth like you. Perhaps I had better go instead."

"Oh no!" cried the little tea-towel pitifully, "*please* don't think of such a thing, Mr. Shirt. You are far too important a person to lose from Dame Fusspot's clothes line. Let me go instead—I beg of you!"

Without waiting for him to reply, she started to struggle with the pegs that held her, and after a few wriggles, managed to work her arms loose from their grip, and fluttered damply to the ground. Then, being very light, the little Breeze Elves caught her up in their tiny arms and bore her away over the valley and up towards the hills.

"Goodbye, Mr. Shirt!" cried the little tea-towel faintly, "if I don't come back please think of me sometimes, won't you?"

"Why!" shrieked the wicked East Wind Spies, peeping from behind a ragged cloud, "the tea-towel has broken loose from its pegs. She must be going to get help for the others from the West Wind Fairies on Buttercup Hill. Come on Fairies; we must stop her before she gets there."

With a sudden howl of rage they rose from their hiding place, and raced after the poor little tea-towel. Seizing her in their cruel arms they dashed her into the spiky thorn bushes growing at the foot of the hill. The sharp thorns tore her frail little body almost into shreds but bravely she tried to rise and drag herself on.



The little Breeze Elves caught her up in their tiny arms and bore her away.

Catching her up again the East Wind Fairies blew her into yet another clump of brambles and while these were still cruelly scratching her to pieces with their long spikes, lifted her up and dashed her against a prickly hedge, that tore her wounded cloth body almost asunder.

Ronnie Rabbit, playing hide and seek with his little brothers on the side of Buttercup Hill, saw the poor little tea-towel fluttering in agony on the ground, and running towards it, tried to lift it up from the cruel thorns that entangled it.

"It is no use, little rabbit," whispered the poor tea-towel faintly, "I am dying; I know I am, but will you please hold me down with your paws so that those wicked East Wind Fairies cannot lift me up again?"

Ronnie Rabbit did as she asked, and with a shriek of rage the East Wind Fairies rose and flew away again. They knew the little rabbit's grey paws would be too strong for them!

"Please, little rabbit," whispered the tea-towel with a sigh, "will you run up to the top of Buttercup Hill and ask the West Wind Fairies if they will be so kind as to go down into the valley and help old Dame Fusspot's line of clothes to dry quickly. Especially the kind Mr. Shirt, I hate to see all his proud starch dripping away before it can get time to stiffen up. Goodbye little rabbit, ask the Wind Fairies to whisper my name to him whenever they are passing that way."

And fluttering its torn and tattered body in farewell the poor little tea-towel died.

The West Wind Fairies were very angry when they heard of the tea-towel's fate and immediately hurried away down into the valley where Dame Fusspot's clothes line was still hanging damply in the garden.

Blowing and blowing as hard as they could the West Wind Fairies flew in and out through the wet clothes, lifting them up and throwing them down, and twisting them in and turning them out, until at last the whole line was fluttering, dry and crisp, in the evening air.

"You may thank the brave little tea-towel for this," said the West Wind Fairies to the shirt. "She is now lying dead on the side of Butter-

cup Hill, torn to pieces by the cruel thorns where the East Wind Fairies threw her. She gave her life to help you, Mr. Shirt, and asked us to whisper her name so that you should hear. Never forget her, because she didn't forget you. Goodbye!"

"Dear me!" said Dame Fusspot, as she collected her freshly dried clothes into a big wash basket, "here is my nice little tea-towel gone and broke loose from its pegs. Dear, dear, I would rather have lost any of the clothes but that; it was worth them all put together for usefulness, so it was!"

And later on that same evening, while hanging stiff and spotless in Dame Fusspot's airing cupboard, the freshly ironed shirt could not help thinking of the poor little tea-towel, lying dead on the side of Buttercup Hill, and in spite of the fact that he was supposed to be dry, he found himself sadly shedding a starchy tear.



"Dear me!" said Dame Fusspot.

THE END



The Fairy Ring

Down in the Bluebell meadow,
There is a fairy ring,
Where in the silver moonlight,
The Little People sing.
They dance around the toadstools,
And chase the lepracauns,
But they must all be gone again,
Before the daylight dawns.

★

They sing about the rainbow,
And of the pot of gold,
That rests upon the end of it,
Or so we have been told!
They dance amongst the shadows,
Strewn by the Shadow Elves,
And play sweet fairy lullabys,
Invented by themselves.

And in the trees around them,
The fair Wind Fairies croon,
Another kind of lullaby,
About the silvery moon.
So if you see some toadstools,
Down in the fields this spring,
Don't dare to interfere with them,
It is a fairy ring!



The South Wind Fairies and the Ghosts



"Please, South Wind Fairies," piped the little brown mouse.

"PLEASE, South Wind Fairies," piped the little brown mouse, timidly, "Charles Cricket told me to come to you for help. He says you help everyone who is deserving of it."

"Of course we do," replied the South Wind Fairies kindly, "but what is *your* trouble, little brown mouse?"

"I come from the old house down in Primrose Valley," said the brown mouse, "but for the past five years nobody has lived in it, because it is supposed to be haunted, and indeed Fairies, it really *is* haunted, by four ghosts!"

"Oh how stupid people are!" cried the South Wind Fairies laughing, "to be frightened away from a house by a few ghosts!"

"It's not very nice for us, Fairies," said the little brown mouse sadly, "we haven't tasted a scrap of cheese for the past five years. Now if *you* could help us to get rid of those interfering old ghosts, everything would be all right again, I know it would."

"But how can we get in?" asked the South Wind Fairies doubtfully, "if all the doors and windows are kept tightly shut."

"I could nibble a hole in the wooden window frame," cried the little brown mouse eagerly, "and then your Wind could slip in quite easily without being seen. I am almost certain that if a fresh, clean wind were to blow right through the whole house again, it would frighten those old ghosts away."

"The Wind would not be enough to get rid of them," replied the South Wind Fairies, "but we know of a special way for dealing with ghosts, we have often used it before. Now little brown mouse," they added playfully, "suppose you run off home to Primrose Valley and start nibbling at that window frame. When the village clock strikes twelve we will slip in and wait for those mischievous ghosts to appear. How foolish people are to be frightened away from a house by a few silly ghosts!"

The little brown mouse obediently scurried away, and having collected a few parcels of delicious flower perfumes, the South Wind Fairies blew down into Primrose Valley and hid behind a tree in the garden waiting for the little brown mouse to let them in.

But the little brown mouse had been working very hard indeed and barely had they been waiting five minutes when he had a hole big enough for them to slip in through.

It was a lovely old house, with dark, panelled walls and a beautiful broad oaken staircase decorated with bunches of carved fruit and flowers. "Oh what a shame!" cried the South Wind Fairies indignantly, "that such a lovely old house should remain unoccupied for so long!"

Just as the village clock struck twelve however, the leader of the ghost army floated into the room, clad in a very smart cloak of pale blue vapour.

"Heigh ho!" he yawned, throwing himself back into one of the armchairs, "it's certainly great to have this place to come back to every night. How do you like my new vapour cloak, fellow ghosts? Made specially for me out of that new spook vapour, if you please."



She pinched Mr. Shivery good and hard...

"Speaking for myself, I don't think much of it," replied another ghost with a sniff, "it's a little—well—too *loud* for my taste, Mr. Shivery."

"If I may say so, Mr. Creepy," snapped Mr. Shivery, "jealousy ill becomes you. What about those awful socks you bought only a few weeks ago. They weren't loud at all, I suppose? Ghosts in air houses shouldn't throw stones!"

"Now," whispered one of the South Wind Fairies mischievously, "is the time to give them a little fright. After me, Fairies!"

And darting out she pinched Mr. Shivery good and hard on the back of his ghostly neck.

"Yow-w-w-w!" shrieked Mr. Shivery, clutching at his neck, "who pinched me like that? If this is another of your jokes, Mr. Creepy, I can't say I think much of it!"

"I didn't pinch you Mr. Shivery," cried Mr. Creepy angrily, "you must be imagining things!"

"I never imagine things," replied Mr. Shivery, bad temperedly, "and someone *did* pinch me on the back of the neck. Don't let it happen again—that's all."



"I didn't pinch you," cried Mr. Creepy

He sat down, but barely had he pulled his new vapour cloak around him, when the mischievous South Wind Fairies crept up and pulled it away again.

"Listen, Mr. Creepy," roared Mr. Shivery, now almost beside himself, "you may be jealous because my new vapour cloak becomes me, but that's no reason why you should tear it off my back!"

"Oh for goodness sake, shut up," snapped Mr. Creepy impatiently, "I never went near your silly old cloak. Don't be such a fool, Mr. Shivery."

"What-t-t!" shrieked Mr. Shivery, "me a fool? Me—who is known to be the ghostliest ghost in the whole world! Why, you."

"Oh for goodness sake!" begged Mr. Jumpy, coming forward, "if somebody pinched Mr. Shivery's neck and pulled his cloak off him, and *we* didn't do it, then it stands to reason there is someone else in the room. The question is—who is it?"

The ghosts all stopped and looked nervously around them, and just at that instant, the South Wind Fairies darting out from their hiding place attacked the shivering ghosts.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spooky, "it's those interfering South Wind Fairies again! Make yourselves invisible, fellow ghosts, and they won't know where to blow. Don't let them force you out of this lovely house!"

And draping their vapour cloaks about them the ghosts started to dodge about in all directions, until the poor South Wind, almost worn out had to give it up as a bad job.

"Never mind, South Wind," said the fairies consolingly, "we have another way of dealing with them and they won't escape *that*, believe me!"

And creeping up to where the ghosts had been sitting they sprinkled the delicious flower perfume about in every direction.

"Heigh ho!" yawned Mr. Shivery appearing again. "So they didn't stay long after, the fools. Dear me, I feel very tired after all that exercise, I think I'll have forty winks before it's time to go." And stretching himself out on the sofa he was soon fast asleep, while the remainder of the ghosts, all yawning, immediately did the same. The delicious flower perfume had lulled them safely to sleep.

"Hurrah!" cried the South Wind Fairies to the little brown mouse, who had crept up to where they were hiding, "now, little brown mouse those naughty old ghosts will sleep until daybreak, and once the dawn elves see a ghost at daybreak, he can remain a ghost no longer, but must go back to ghost land and disappear forever, and this lovely old house will be once more free. Are you not happy, little brown mouse?"

As for the ghosts, when the dawn elves looked in and saw them asleep in the room, they woke them up by tickling their eyes with splinters of light, and when the ghosts raised their heads and realized just what had happened they were so overcome with shame that they covered up their heads with their vapour cloaks and fled forever from the beautiful old house in Primrose Valley.

And the little brown mouse, with plenty of cheese in the larder once more, was just about as happy as any little brown mouse could possibly be.



The little brown mouse with plenty of cheese...

THE END



The West Wind Fairies and Tommie

Tommie saw some nice, red apples,
Hanging on an apple tree,
But the tree stood in an orchard,
And was high as high could be.

★

And he thought, "If there were fairies,
Passing by this way just now,
Would they guess I'd like an apple,
And blow one down from the bough?

★

But of course, there are no fairies,
Only in my story book,
So I cannot have an apple,
Oh how bright and red they look!"

★

But the West Wind Fairies list'ning,
Thought: "Oh what an awful shame!
He does not believe in fairies,
But of course he's not to blame.

Maybe we can help poor Tommie,
And by helping, teach him too,
That, by blowing down the apple,
Fairy wishes can come true!"

★

So the kind West Fairies, slipping,
In amongst the trees around,
Teased the apple 'till it loosened,
And fell toppling to the ground.

★

"This is strange," thought little Tommie,
"Almost as I spoke my wish,
Down the apple came atumbling
And dropped near me with a swish."

★

"Yes," the West Wind Fairies whispered,
"And by this you'll realize,
That there *are* such things as fairies,
In the wind and trees and skies."

★

"Just because you cannot see them,
Do not think they are not there.
Even as you stand there staring,
They are round you everywhere!"

Tommie gazed in great amazement,
He was speechless with surprise,
While the West Wind Fairies laughing,
Blew his hair into his eyes.



Tommie gazed in great amazement.

And that night our little Tommie,
Read his story book anew,
And he thought: "I like it better,
Now I know it's all quite true!"

The South Wind Fairies

and the Dunce



"He is crying, as usual."

"THERE goes the dunce on his way to school again," whispered the South Wind Fairies compassionately, "see, he is crying as usual because he has forgotten his lessons already. Poor dunce!"

"I wish we could help him," said another fairy, "he works so hard, and it is not his fault if he forgets his lessons again."

"Maybe his mind is ill in some way," suggested the South Wind, ruffling the petals of a rose. "I wonder would our Wind doctor be able to tell us what is wrong with him?"

"Why dear South Wind!" cried the Wind Fairies delightedly, "what a marvellous idea! Let us fly off to the Wind Cavern Hospital at once and find out."

"Well South Wind Fairies," said the Wind doctor rather snappily as they knocked at his door, "what is wrong with you now? Not more wing trouble, I hope?"

"Oh no, doctor," piped the South Wind Fairies, "there is nothing at all the matter with us, thank you!"

"Just as well," muttered the Wind doctor, who was in a very bad temper, "I have my hands full here at the moment with those silly sunbeam elves and their sun measles. What did you want to see me about, Fairies?"

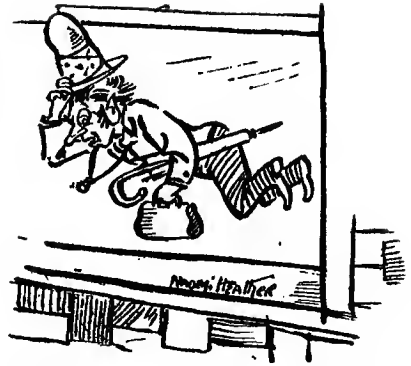


The West Wind Fairies and Tommie



The South Wind Fairies and Jane

"It's about Danny Dunce," replied the South Wind Fairies. "He is really a very good boy, you know, Doctor Blowem, but whatever is wrong with his head he cannot remember his lessons even after he has learned them very carefully. Would you oblige us by slipping down to the school and having a look at his brain?"



"Well, Doctor?" clamoured the South Wind Fairies.

"What!" cried the Wind doctor indignantly, "haven't those boys enough doctors of their own to examine them without coming to annoy me? The idea. Have a look at his brain indeed?"

"But none of those earth doctors are half as clever as you Doctor Blowem," replied the South Wind Fairies slyly, "that is why we want *you* to have a look at him."

"Oh all right," grumbled the Wind doctor, trying to pretend he was not a bit flattered by these compliments, "wait until I get my X-ray outfit and then we'll be off."

Down in the schoolroom, the poor dunce was standing in the corner as usual, but, as the window stood open, the Wind doctor had no trouble in slipping up to him and having a good look into his brain.

"Well, doctor?" clamoured the South Wind Fairies, as he flew out through the window again, "what is wrong with his brain? Is it something you can cure?"

"Oh yes," replied the Wind doctor importantly, "it is a clear case of cobwebs on the brain. All he wants is a few fresh air and wind injections and he will be brighter than any of the boys. He has a very good brain indeed; but it cannot work while the cobwebs are clogging it up. Now South Wind Fairies, you are members of the Sky Red Cross, so you can save me time by giving him the injections yourselves. Watch for him coming out of school and follow him as he goes down the hill. Good-bye now, Fairies, I must be off to my other cases."

"Why this is great!" cried the South Wind Fairies delightedly, "cobwebs on the brain! why, we have cured hundreds of cases of that!" And hiding behind some beeches growing near the roadside, they waited for the boys to come out of school.

Nobody came out with the poor dunce because nobody wanted him, and he set off sadly down the hill on his own.

The South Wind Fairies immediately followed on his heels, and flying around his head gave him a whole lot of wind and fresh air injections through his nose, eyes and ears.

"Dear me," thought the poor dunce, "that Wind certainly feels very good. Why, I can actually feel my head clearing as I walk. Oh, if it would only stay that way until I learn my lessons and prove to teacher that I am not really such a dunce as he thinks!"

And it did, for the Wind doctor was right, and the wind injections completely blew the stuffy old cobwebs out of his brain, and next day at school, the dunce not only knew his lessons, but actually rose to the top of his class!

The kind South Wind Fairies were delighted, and that evening, down amongst the roses in the valley they gaily began to sing:

*The dunce is now a scholar again,
Because all the cobwebs are gone from
his brain,
We gave him injections of wind, air
and breeze,
And now he is head of his class, if you
please!*

THE END



The South Wind Fairies and Jane

“Here is a rose,” the south wind said,
“To bring to little Jane,
Who lives all day mid smoke and dust
Way down in Muddy Lane.

★

She never sees the trees in spring,
Or hawthorns all in bud,
In fact she never sees a thing
Save grime, and slush and mud.

★

Now if we drop this crimson rose
Where she can see it fall,
Just think how thrilled she’ll be
To think such flowers exist at all!”

★

So catching up the lovely rose,
They flew to Muddy Lane,
And pausing on Jane’s window sill.
Tapped lightly on the pane.

And Jane looked out and saw the rose,
And wondered mightily,
That anything so exquisite in
Muddy Lane could be.

★

“Oh look!” she cried, “its petals red
Are streaked with silver dew,
Oh God, for sending me this rose,
I really do thank you!

★

No flower so fair blooms in this world,
So I must just suppose,
That passing angels pitied me,
And threw me down a rose!”



The East Wind Fairies and Santa

“O H please, North Wind Fairies,” cried little Rupert Robin breathlessly, “something awful has happened down in Muddy Lane. Poor Santa Claus was going into one of the chimneys, when suddenly those wicked East Wind Fairies crept up and blew all the soot down on top of him. He is stuck in the chimney now and cannot move. Charlie Cricket, from the hearth, told me to fly over here and ask your help. This is Christmas eve, and if Santa Claus does not get all his toys out to-night, just think of all the poor children who will be disappointed to-morrow morning!”



The wicked East Wind Fairies crept up and blew all the soot down on top of him.

“Dear, oh dear!” cried the North Wind Fairies mournfully, “whatever are we to do with those naughty East Wind Fairies at all. Only last week they shaved off poor Santa’s beard while he lay asleep, and now they have managed to jam him in a chimney, and on Christmas eve too! Terrible!”

Thanking little Rupert Robin for being so kind as to bring the message, they flew back over the houses in Winter Lane, until they finally came to where Santa's beautiful sleigh was drawn up on one of the roof-tops in Muddy Lane.

The sparrow army, under the command of Captain Sam Sparrow, had nobly turned out in order to help Santa, but although many of them flew down the chimney and tried to peck away the soot that held him, they were not strong enough to move it, and only served to make matters worse.

"Hello, North Wind Fairies," said the captain, saluting smartly, "I'm very glad to see you here. My men haven't been trained for this sort of work I'm afraid, but perhaps you can do something."

Flying over the North Wind Fairies peeped down into the chimney, where Santa Claus, in an exceedingly bad temper, was shouting for help.

"Hey, you good-for-nothing pack of fools, up there!" he roared angrily, "why don't you *do* something instead of just flying around twittering like a pack of Jackdaws. Get the sky police, get the sky army, get the sky parliament, get *anything* only get me out of here!"

"Who are you calling a Jackdaw, Mr. Santa Claus?" demanded one of the sparrows angrily. "You had better keep your mouth shut or we will refuse to help you at all!"

"If my mouth wasn't full of soot," roared Santa Claus, "I'd soon tell you what I think of *you*—you conceited magpie. All you're good for is making a noise like a crow! Oh-h-h-h! now I am after swallowing another ton of soot! Oh-h-h-h!"

"Now then Corporal Sparrow," cried the Captain sharply, "you must not be rude to Santa Claus. He is a very important man and the sky parliament wouldn't like it."

"He has no right to call us Magpies and Crows and Jackdaws," replied Corporal Sparrow sulkily, "it's very insulting to the army."

Bidding him hold his tongue, the sparrow captain marshalled his men away from the chimney pot, and bending over, the leader of the North Wind Fairies called out.

"Hello there, Santa Claus, can you hear me?"

"No," snapped Santa Claus, "I am deaf because both my ears are full of



The North Wind crept silently up to the fireplace..

soot. If that is the North Wind Fairies, for goodness sake do something to help me. I am in an awful state. O-h-h-h-h!"

"I wonder if there are any windows open in the house," said the North Wind thoughtfully, "if so I could perhaps manage to squeeze in and blow Santa Claus back *up* the chimney again.

What do you think, Captain Sparrow?" "I think it is a marvellous idea!" cried the captain admiringly. "How you winds manage to think of the things I don't know."

The North Wind Fairies immediately flew round to the front of the house and examined each of the windows carefully, until, to their great delight, they came across one of them standing almost wide open.

Once inside, the North Wind crept silently up to the fireplace and blew just as hard as he possibly could up the chimney, until, with a great rattle of soot, and in a very bad temper indeed Santa shot back up through the chimney again.

"Ha ha!" tittered some of the younger sparrows, "he looks exactly like a nigger."

"Who's a nigger?" roared Santa Claus, glaring at them. "Keep your insulting remarks to yourselves, if you please, sir sparrows. Who *wouldn't* be a nigger I'd like to know, after spending nearly an hour in a filthy chimney. Oh goodness gracious, what am I to do. I cannot go on my rounds looking like this. Who pushed all that soot down on top of me anyhow?"

"The East Wind Fairies, of course," replied the North Wind Fairies angrily. "Captain Sparrow says he saw them flying away just after you started shrieking for help."

"Who shrieked for help?" retorted Santa Claus snappily, "I only cried out in a gentle sort of voice."

"Hee hee!" tittered Corporal Sparrow to his companions, "in a



"Captain Sparrow says he saw them flying away. . ."

gentle sort of voice indeed! Why, we heard him over in the elm tree canteen—a good mile away!”

“I’ll have the law on the East Wind Fairies for this!” roared Santa Claus furiously, “I’ll have them persecuted, prosecuted and executed! I’ll have them put in the wind cavern jail! I’ll have them transported for life! I’ll have them!”

“Yes, yes,” broke in the North Wind Fairies soothingly, “but the first thing to do is to think of some way to make you clean again. We can see to the punishment of the East Wind Fairies afterwards.”

“What about some of us flying up into the clouds and releasing lots of snow,” suggested one of the fairies timidly, “we could cover Santa Claus from head to foot in it and then no one would ever dream he was so dirty underneath. It would be the quickest way.”

“What!” roared Santa Claus, “go about for hours with all this soot sticking to me? Not likely! I may look like a nigger,” he added, glaring in the direction of the grinning sparrows, “but I’ll be bothered if I’m going to *be* one!”

“Come, come, now, Santa Claus,” cried the North Wind Fairies severely, “you have your duty to do, you know. Your duty now is to get all your toys out before to-morrow morning. Fairies, will you please fly up into the clouds and release as much snow as you possibly can. We will wait here.”

The other North Wind Fairies obediently flew off and Santa Claus stood sulkily waiting while the soft, pure snowflakes poured all over him, until at last he looked spotlessly clean once more.



“What a lot of soot fell down the chimney . . .”

“Like a silly snowman, I am now,” he grumbled. “Old Sam Snowman down in farmer Joe’s garden, won’t half laugh when he sees me like this!”

He would laugh more if he saw you all covered with black soot,” cried the North Wind Fairies sharply, “why, you look lovely, Santa.

That white coat suits you even better than your red one!"

"I hope so," muttered Santa Claus, getting into his sleigh, "and I also hope all the soot will wash off, I don't want to look like a black nigger for the rest of my life!"

He soared gracefully away over the snowy rooftops and raising his twig bayonet, the sparrow captain cried:

"Fall in, soldiers! To the right about turn! Quick fly!" And saluting smartly, the sparrow army flew away too.

"Dear me!" muttered Dame Fussy on Christmas morning, "what a lot of soot fell down the chimney last night! It must have been the wind blew it down. I thought I heard it blowing hard round about three o'clock. Oh dearie, dearie me! What an awful mess it has made to be sure!" And grumbling crossly, she went away to fetch her dustpan, while the wicked East Wind Fairies, listening outside, immediately began to chant:

At least we've done Dame Fussy harm,
And caused old Santa great alarm
He looked so droll from head to foot,
With a coat of snow and a beard of
soot!

Ha Ha!

But nobody cared about the East Wind Fairies just then, for it was Christmas morning and everywhere the bells were ringing a joyous message across the snow.



Everywhere the bells were ringing.

THE END



The Lepracaun

The Wind Fairies caught at the Lepracaun's hat
And he cried: "Arrah now, get away out of that!
'Tis tormented ye have me, ma bhron, oh ma bhron!
Can't ye go somewhere else an' just leave me alone.

★

Last night shure ye stole off me nice silver last,
But ye'd better return it again very fast,
'Twas me grandfather's own, and ochone! if he knew,
Why he'd come back an' murder the whole pack of you!

★

With that last I make shoes for the wee Pookas, too,
For they help me to make up my sweet Mountain Dew,
Would ye have me neglect such important wee men,
Why this minute they're waitin' below in the Glen.

★

So fairies, I ask ye, be off wid yourselves,
An' take wid ye too those tormentin' wind elves,
If ye don't—why begorrah! I'll give ye a scare,
An' then, be me song, ye had better beware!"

The East Wind Fairies and Pattie

"NOW, darling," said Pattie's Mamma, "here is the letter I have written to your daddie that I want you to post for me. Be sure to hold it tightly so that it will not blow away."

Little Pattie took the letter, and feeling very important indeed, hurried out through the gate, and down the road to the post box at the corner.



They danced round the letter.

But alas! Those wicked East Wind Fairies saw her coming, and with a little shriek of delight, cried out: "Hurrah! Now we can work some more mischief this morning. Let us grab the letter from little Pattie before she can post it, and blow it away off over the tree tops, so that her daddie will never get it!"

And swooping across the road they grabbed the envelope from poor little Pattie's hand, and bore it away up into the air.

"Dear me," thought Rupert Robin from a nearby tree, "this will never do. Little Pattie gives me crumbs first thing every morning, and I just hate to see her being made unhappy. I wonder if the North Wind Fairies would help her."

He flew off to the valley, where the North Wind Fairies were busily employed blowing all the dead leaves into piles by the roadside. They listened to his story with great attention, and immediately flew back with him to the road where poor little Pattie stood crying bitterly, because she had lost her daddie's letter.

Meanwhile the wicked East Wind Fairies had blown the letter onto the top of a tree, where it stuck on a twig, while they danced around it, singing naughtily:

Lit-lit-letter O,
Now you cannot hope to go,
To Pat's daddie far away,
But on the tree top you must stay.
Lit-lit-letter O!

"To the rescue, fairies!" cried the kind North Wind, darting forward, "don't let them carry it away to the nearby river. One, two, three—go!"

The wicked East Wind Fairies gave a shriek of fury as they saw the North Wind Fairies approaching, and seizing up the letter they tried to dart away with it behind the clouds. But the North Wind Fairies, scooping up a lot of dust from the roadside, threw it full into their faces, and almost blinded, they dropped the envelope and fled away, sneezing and choking as they went.



She picked it up...

Immediately the kind North Wind Fairies picked up poor little Pattie's letter, and blowing all the dust off it, blew it gently down the road and dropped it at her feet. With a little cry of joy she picked it up, and running down the road, dropped it safely into the letter box. The North Wind Fairies were delighted, and Rupert Robin, perching himself perkily on a leafless twig, began to cheerily chirp:

Once more we've given those East Wind Sprites,
A couple of really terrible frights.
Now dear little Pattie will give me some crumbs,
And she *does* give me really delicious ones!
Chirp Chirpery, chirpery, chirp.

THE END



The dainty Wind Fairies are around you.

At the Seaside

When you travel down to the seaside
And lie on the warm, sunny beach
Do you know that the dainty Wind Fairies,
Are around you, almost within reach.

★

Because in the holiday season,
They make all the wee sunshine elves,
Sprinkle oceans and oceans of sunshine,
Which they wouldn't—if left to themselves!

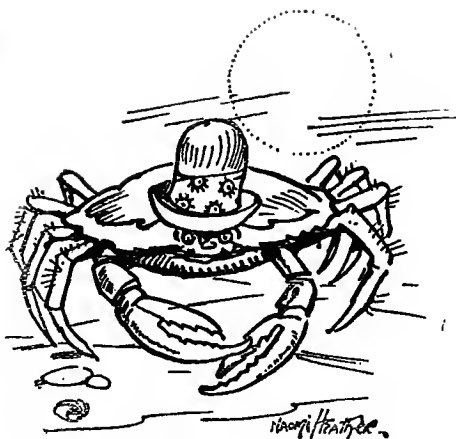
★

And then they collect lots of foam flakes
And scatter them over the sea,
So that each little blue-tinted wavelet
Will look pretty as pretty can be.

★

Oh yes! When you go to the seaside,
Just listen, and then, sweet and low,
You will hear a south wind fairy whisper:
“Hello, little children! Hello!

The West Wind Fairies and the Smugglers



Christy Crab began to scrawl a message . . .

“**I**DEAR me,” said Christy Crab, stopping on his way over the rocks on Sandy Beach, “there are those wicked smugglers, making ready to load their boats while everyone else is asleep. That means poor Policeman Paddy will get into trouble again for not catching them. Oh, deary dear! How I wish I could help him! But I am a slow fellow at best, and it would need someone much cleverer than me to catch those wicked smugglers.

At that moment the Moon Man appeared from behind a cloud curtain, and beamed down on Christy Crab in a very friendly way. For they knew each other well by sight, you see.

“Ah!” muttered Christy excitedly, “there is my old pal, the Man In The Moon. Now I wonder if he could help me. Maybe if I write a message in the sand with my claws, he will read it and think of some way to catch the smugglers so that poor Policeman Pat will not get into trouble any more. I had better hurry though; the Moon Man is very lazy to-night, I notice.”

And crawling off the rocks in a great bustle, Christy Crab began to scrawl a message in the soft sand with his very sharp claws. Very soon, the Moon Man, who was watching him, saw this mysterious message appear:

When your Moon lamps shine on the silver shore,
The smugglers are going to smuggle some more;
And Policeman Pat will have worked in vain,
If we let them escape to the sea again.

Signed:

Christopher Augustus Charles Crab.

"H'm," murmured the Moon Man, as he read the message, "those smugglers again. I know Policeman Pat, too. A very nice young fellow. I often keep him company at night when he is on duty along the lonely Coast road. And it seems Christy Crab wants me to help him. Now let me see."

He frowned, then quite suddenly his frown disappeared and he smiled so brightly that one of the smugglers cried out in alarm: "Hurry up there, men. If the moon comes out we are ruined. Everyone will see what we are doing. Heave Ho! there, Heave Ho!"

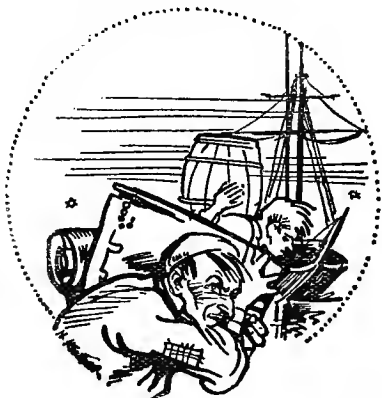
But the Moon Man paid no attention to them. He was too busy writing an S.O.S. on a shooting star to the kind West Wind Fairies, who were resting in the clouds up over the harbour wall.

"Goodness me," cried the West Wind ten minutes later. "Here comes an S.O.S. from Mortimus Moon. What can be wrong with him now, I wonder."

They read the message carefully, and pitied poor Policeman Pat very much.

"We must help him, of course," cried all the kind West Wind Fairies together. "The question is—how?"

"I know!" cried the West Wind suddenly. "You fly up to the Moon Man and tell him to start shining for all he is worth, and then I will go down to the harbour and blow and blow and blow with all my might until I raise a storm on the sea that will force those



"If the moon comes out we are ruined"

wicked smugglers to return to land again. Then, while they are sneaking back to their cave, some of you can fly out to the storm bell tied to the buoy and ring it so loudly that the whole town will hear and come running down just in time to see Policeman Pat capturing the smugglers. Now, isn't that a grand idea, fairies?"

The West Wind Fairies were delighted, and while some of them flew off to see the Moon Man, the remainder hurried down to the cove where the huge storm bell lay at rest on the quiet water. Then the West Wind himself, pushing out his chest importantly, flew off down to the water and commenced to blow upon the sea, until at last it was heaving and churning about in a simply frightful way.

"Oh, dear!" cried the smugglers in dismay, "this must be one of those summer storms people around here talk so much about. Oh, dearie me, what are we to do! If we return to shore that interfering old Policeman Pat will surely catch us; and if we continue out to sea in this wind we will certainly be drowned. And now the moon is shining, too. Everything seems to be against us to-night!"

They all tried to steady the boat, but the West Wind gave them no chance, and before long the wicked smuggler captain decided to put back to the shore, even though it meant being caught by Policeman Pat. Immediately the rest of the West Wind Fairies, who were watching them, commenced to push the huge storm bell, ringing it loudly again and again until at last the whole town was awakened, and jumping up from their beds, the people dressed themselves in a hurry and crowded

down to the harbour wall in order to see what all the excitement was about.

Meanwhile, up on the lonely Coast road, Policeman Pat heard all the commotion, and came running down to the cove, where the wicked smugglers were trying to sneak back into their cave. He blew loudly on his whistle, and immediately the coastguard men, in their fine



He blew loudly on his whistle.

boats, with the big searchlights fixed to the prow, came chug-chugging quickly up, just in time to see Policeman Pat fastening handcuffs on the leader of the smugglers.

“Hurrah!” cried all the town’s people joyfully, “our brave Policeman Pat has caught those wicked smugglers at last. Now we need not fear them any more at night. Hurrah! Hurrah!”

And the Lord Mayor, very important in his fine robes, pinned a medal on Policeman Pat because he had been so brave, while the crowd cheered themselves almost hoarse.

And now any moonlight night, if you watch closely while Policeman Pat is patrolling up and down on the lonely Coast road, you will be certain to see the Man in the Moon winking slyly at him, almost as if he were saying:

“Ah! My fine fellow! I wonder what would you say if you knew who it was that *really* caught the smugglers for you, after all!”

THE END





Dats' Prayer

Said Pat: "My dad's a sailor,
And sails the deep, blue sea,
And oh! I hope Wind Fairies
Will keep him safe for me.

★

I like to think they're watching
When stately ships pass by,
With white sails floating upward,
As if the ships could fly

★

And in the winter evenings
When stormy winds bewail,
I know they'll watch my daddie's ship
And guide it through the gale.

★

Because, although there's hundreds
Of fine ships to be had,
The thing that really matters is:
I've only got *one* Dad!

The North Wind Fairies help the Lepracaun



"He fell flat on the ground..."

THE mischievous little Lepracaun was dancing under the Hawthorn tree on the side of Buttercup Hill.

"Hurrah!" he cried joyfully, as he leaped about in his tiny, pointed shoes, "to-night meself an' Willie Will O' The Wisp is goin' to have the best of sport, begob. Between us we are goin' to lead all the travellers astray on the bog. Oh-h-h! Won't it be great fun! Hurrah!"

And waving his tasselled cap in the air he commenced to sing:

Willie Will O' The Wisp and me,
Down in the lonely bog will be.
We'll lead all the travellers out of their way,
An' leave them aroaming until break of day.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

At that moment, from over the wall of the old ivied house nearby, a huge stone came sailing, and hit the Lepracaun right in the back just as he was finishing his song. He fell flat on the ground, and lay there staring at the Moon Man who was laughing so heartily his face almost split in two.

"Hee hee," tittered the little breeze elves as they danced about, "Liam Lepracaun doesn't look so cheeky now, lying stretched on his back, and it's about time somebody put him in his place, too."

Feeling very angry the Lepracaun jumped to his feet, and looked up at the wall of the old house, but just as he did so another stone, this time from *behind* him, hit him smartly on the shoulder.

With a little shriek, Liam took to his heels and fled for all he was worth off over the top of Buttercup Hill. But even this didn't save him, for as he ran, he could feel someone catching at his heels from behind, as if trying to trip him up.

"Oh, Wind Fairies!" he gasped dodging about, "if you are having a game with me please come out where I can see you. *Please!*"

But he knew in his heart it wasn't the Wind Fairies, they never threw stones at anyone. They were not strong enough to lift them from off the ground.

"What ails you, Liam?" asked his friend, Willie Will O' The Wisp, in surprise, as the Lepracaun came racing up to him in the Bog, "you look fair scared out of your wits."

"So I am, Willie," replied Liam in a whisper, "so I am, begob. An' believe me it's not easy to frighten a Lepracaun, either."

"An' what frightened ye, Liam?" enquired Willie Will O' The Wisp, almost flicking himself out in his excitement.

"It's the old house on the side of Buttercup Hill," replied the Lepracaun panting. "Someone threw stones at me from all directions at once, Willie, and then pinched me nate little cap, that I got from me great grandfather. Ochone, ochone and ochone! 'Tis disgraced I am this minute, Willie. If the other Lepracauns get to hear about this, I am ruined, an' that's a fact."

"Why don't you ask the North Wind Fairies to help you?" suggested Willie. "They are down in the valley now, sprinkling snowflakes about."

"What!" cried Liam Lepracaun. "Am I to be reduced to asking those interfering North Wind Fairies to help *me*. Bedad, an' this is a sad state of affairs entirely, so it is, Willie. But maybe you're right, at that. If they can't help me, no one can."

And with a wave of his hand, the Lepracaun raced away down into



"So I am, Willie... so I am..."

Primrose Valley, where the North Wind Fairies were busily working. It was the North Wind himself however, who saw him approaching first. "Oh it's you, is it?" he said snappily. "And what may you be wanting around here, Liam Lepracaun?"

"Yerrah, hold yer tongue, will you," retorted the Lepracaun saucily, "sure 'tis as long as this week an' next. Who said I wanted anything, Mr. Windy?"

"Don't call me Mr. Windy," roared the North Wind, almost dancing with fury, "my name is William, Walter, Wilfred, Wenceslas, Worthington Wind, and I'd have you remember it, you cheeky little sprite."

"What!" replied Liam, throwing up his tiny hands, "remember all *those* names? Begob, Mr. Windy, sir, I'd need a memory as long as the Black Witch's broom handle for that. But if it annoys you sure I'll give it up. Will that plaze you, your Windiness?"

The North Wind made a grab at him, but the Lepracaun dodged away just in time, calling out as he did so:

"Oh all right, all right, Mr. High and Mighty William Walter Wilfred Wenceslas Worthington Wind. But I'd rather you had that name than me, begob. Can I spake to your fairies for a moment, plaze?"

"What do you want with my fairies?" enquired the North Wind suspiciously. "Nothing good, I'll be bound."

"Ah, now, Mr. Windiness, sir, ye misjudge me sadly," replied Liam, shaking his head, "but if ye want to know, the old house on the side of Buttercup Hill is haunted. Someone threw stones at me from all sides to-night, begob. An' I know our own fairies never throw stones."

"It must be those wicked Pixie Sprites," said the North Wind frowning, "they are the wickedest of all wicked fairies. But here come my fairies now; tell them all about it."

The North Wind Fairies were very sorry to hear the Lepracaun's story. They liked the old house on the side of Buttercup Hill and did not want people down in the valley to start believing it was haunted.

"You see it will be hard for us to catch them," explained the North

Wind Fairies to the Lepracaun, "those Pixie Sprites can make themselves invisible even to us."

"Surely," replied Liam flicking his feet about so that his jewelled shoes twinkled, "but even if they can't be seen, they can still *feel*, begob. Why shouldn't ye freeze them out by dropping lots of snow and frost all over Buttercup Hill?"

"Why that's a grand idea, Liam!" exclaimed the North Wind Fairies delightedly. "Come, let us be off without delay."

They all hurried up to where the old house stood on the side of Buttercup Hill, and, whistling for the Frost Elves to bring their silver paint-pots, the North Wind Fairies started to release lots and lots of snow from the clouds all over the garden, house and hill. Meanwhile the Frost Elves painted it over with silver frost so that it would not melt too soon.

"Br-r-r-r . . ." whispered the wicked Pixie Sprites, crouching with chattering teeth in a corner of the garden, "this is terrible, so it is. If we stay here all night we will surely be frozen. I think, Pixies, we had better look for another home. By the look of it, this snow is going to last for weeks and weeks. Come along. Let us be on our way!" And thus, one by one, the naughty Pixie Sprites fled away over the hillside, leaving the North Wind Fairies clapping their hands joyfully in the old garden. For now, the ivy covered house on Buttercup Hill would be haunted no more.



"This is terrible, so it is . . ."

"Well, fairies," said the Lepracaun saucily, "I be off wid meself now, begob. An' thank ye for helping me out of me little bit of trouble. As for you, Mr. Wonderful Windy Windiness, the next time ye go to the Wind Cavern Barber, ask him to clip yer long tongue as well as yer scraggy

beard. *Slan libh*, fairies! Until we meet again!" And waving his hand, the mischievous little Lepracaun darted away over the hill-side, singing perkily as he went:

Mr. Windy Windiness Wind
Is one of them windy boys,
Who love to shriek and roar and bawl,
And make a ferocious noise.
He loves to kick up a terrible shindy,
Does our Mr. William Windiness Windy!

"The ungrateful little brat!" roared the North Wind angrily, "Mr. Windiness Windy, indeed!"

And even the North Wind Fairies had to laugh at *that* one!

THE END





The Wind Fairy

Shoemaker

Tic-A-Tac-Tic, Tic-A-Tac-Tic,
Hear him so busily tapping,
On his wee last
Under a tree,
Cutting and fitting and rapping.

★

Tic-A-Tac-Tic, Tic-A-Tac-Tic.
Shoes gay and light as a feather.
Silver the nails,
Golden the thread,
Cloud vapour instead of leather.

★

Tic-A-Tac-Tic, Tic-A-Tac-Tic,
Laces of sunshine to tie them,
White, pink and blue,
Violet too,
Now who on earth means to buy them?

Tic-A-Tac-Tic, Tic-A-Tac-Tic
Watch when the moonlight is falling,
And you will see,
Fairies and elves,
On this wee cobbler calling.

★

Tic-A-Tac-Tic, Tic-A-Tac-Tic,
Tidy and neat as a Quaker,
Working all day,
Happy and gay,
Sits the Wind Fairy shoemaker.





The Wind Fairies' Lullaby

So-o-ough, so-o-ough, so-o-ough,
Over the meadows a-sighing,
Creeping through tree top and bough,
Over the rooftops acrying.

★

Cr-o-oon, cr-o-oon, cr-o-oon,
Softly and sweetly acreeeping,
On by the light of the moon,
To where the children are sleeping.

★

Dream, dream, dream,
Deeply and sweetly 'till morning,
When, with the early sunbeam,
Joy will awake with the dawning.



No, children, not quite the end!
The Wind Fairies will be back
again next year . . .

PRINTED BY
HELY'S LIMITED
DUBLIN



